

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

“Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise.”—

JOHNSON.

Critical disquisitions on interesting subjects are always useful, and none more necessary than on dramatic productions; since it is allowed that theatrical representations have a great effect on the manners and morals of mankind, and especially on the young and uninformed. The following letter from Crito shall on this account make a part of this day's paper.

Mr. Easy,

It has been frequently asserted that the play of the *Stranger* has an immoral tendency. I have read it with much attention, and I cannot help avowing my opinion contradicts this conclusion. The crime upon which it hinges is most unquestionably of the deepest die, and almost excludes forgiveness; but the author has exhibited penitence in so favorable a view, and dressed it in such a mournful garb, that the most adamant heart can scarcely avoid yielding to its influence. Pity, in the unaffected sorrow of Mrs. Haller, soon takes possession of the soul, and the radiant ray of forgiveness must emanate in the sensitive mind. If it be true that an incitement to virtue is secured by observing the pangs of vicious suffering, my conclusion will be found correct; as the poignant anguish of Mrs. Haller will scarcely hold out an example for that deviation she confessedly avows to have made. In support of my opinion I shall give a sketch from some scenes in this celebrated drama, in the hope of vindicating the author from an unfounded and injurious prejudice.

Mrs. Haller's character first comes under our notice by the Stranger's compliment of her benevolence.

“Who is this Mrs. Haller?”

Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good, she has always been before me.”

The next scene introduces our heroine in the humble

situation of companion to a countess (herself a concealed fallen countess)—her degradation is apparent by the directions she gives the servants, and here her first remarks evince a sense of her errors by her dread of exposure, and the wish to shrink from notice. “Alas! alas!” she exclaims, “how wretched is the being who fears the sight of any one fellow creature! but oh! superior misery! to dread still more the presence of a friend.”—It would not only be tedious, but engross too great a portion of your valuable paper (for such I really deem it) were I to enter into all the merits of this drama. My object is to vindicate the author from sanctioning and encouraging vice, and in this vindication I shall adhere closely to Mrs. Haller's character, as delineated in the play. I pass over the forced introduction of Tobias, who has been relieved by her bounty, and her delicate rejection of his acknowledgments, to points more interesting. To those, however, who will take the trouble to read the play, her maternal notice of William, the son of her benefactress, will elicit feelings better felt than described. When in scene 2d, act 3d, the countess informs Mrs. Haller the baron thinks her handsome, she nobly rejects the compliment, and shews that “the enchanting beauties of a female countenance can only arise from peace of mind,” adding, “The look which captivates an honorable man must be reflected from the soul.” Her disclosure of her real character to the countess, who knew her only as the victim of misfortune, I shall transcribe.

“Countess. I revere that modest blush. Discover to me whom you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? and can I not be silent?”

“Mrs. H. Alas! but a frank reliance on a generous mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offered by true repentance. This sacrifice I will offer. (*Hesitating*)—Did you never hear—Pardon me—Did you never hear—Oh! how shocking is it to unmask a deception which

" alone has recommended me to your regard! but it must
 " be so.—Madam—Fie, Adelaide! does pride become
 " you? Did you never hear of the countess Waldbourg?

" *Countess.* I think I did hear at the neighboring
 " court of such a creature. She plunged an honorable
 " husband into misery—She ran away with a villain.

" *Mrs. H.* She did, indeed—(*Falls at the feet of the*
countess)—Do not cast me from you.

" *Countess.* For Heaven's sake! You are—

" *Mrs. H.* I AM that WRETCH.

" *Countess*—(*Turning from her with horror*)—Ha!—

" Begone!—(*Going, her heart draws her back*)—Yet she

" is unfortunate, she is unfriended! Her image is repent-

" ance—her life the proof—She has wept her faults in

" three years agony. Be still awhile, remorseless preju-

" dice, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow—

" they do not truly honor virtue, who can consult the err-

" ing heart that would return to her sanctuary—(*Looking*

" *with sorrow at her*)—Rise, I beseech you, rise! my

" husband and my brother may surprise us. I promise

" to be silent. (*Raising her.*)

" *Mrs. H.* Yes, you will be silent—But oh! con-

" science! conscience! thou never wilt be silent—(*Clasp-*

" *ing her hands*)—Do not cast me from you.

" *Countess.* Never! Your lonely life, your silent an-

" guish and contrition, may at length atone your crime:

" And never shall you want an asylum where your peni-

" tence may lament your loss."

This scene so well delineates Mrs. Haller's self-abase-
 ment, and her sincere repentance, that comments are un-
 necessary. To the humane mind it speaks most feelingly.

The interview with the baron, who announces his
 knowledge of her history, his acquaintance with the
 stranger, and his wish to introduce her to her husband, is
 most interesting. Well and nobly does he remark, after
 observing her humility, "Error for a moment wrested
 " from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart;
 " but she awoke, and with a look, banished her enemy
 " forever."—The countess, whilst her brother is hu-
 manely engaged in the laudable endeavor to procure an
 interview with her injured husband, solicits her to ba-
 banish reflection by a walk, adding, "The sun will
 " set soon, let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety."

Mrs. Haller. "Alas! yes, the setting sun is a pro-
 " per scene for me."

Thus the author makes her consistent throughout—her
 character is uniform—every sentiment she utters, every
 sigh she breathes, has a penitential turn—and consequent-
 ly not a pernicious, but a virtuous tendency.

The last scene brings the Stranger and Mrs. Haller to-
 gether. It is not necessary to lay the whole before you,
 as you have doubtless seen or read it. I shall conclude
 these observations, first remarking it as the most impres-
 sive, the most affecting, and better calculated to excite
 virtuous resolution, than any one within my recollection.
 I pity that man who, retiring from the perusal or the ex-
 hibition of this scene, does not feel more strongly for in-
 jured innocence, and if in the contemplation of the an-
 guish excited by undermined virtue, it does not stimulate
 to the attainment of chaste pursuits in lieu of vicious ha-
 bits—I pronounce him callous to sensibility—lost to the
 joys of innocence, and as our Saviour spoke of the barren
 fig tree, a cumberer of the ground. And if there be a
 female who, after weeping over the deep humiliation of
 Mrs. Haller's stile, thinks the crime as thus depicted, and
 thus repented of, unpardonable, I may revere her motives,
 but must dissent from the sentiment. CRITO.

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If my correspondent only intends to vindicate the au-
 thor from sanctioning and encouraging vice in the cha-
 racter of Mrs. Haller, he may find many to acquiesce in
 his opinion. The STRANGER may not be the most ex-
 ceptionable of KOTZEBUE's plays, and if it cannot be
 said that it directly encourages vice; yet many examples
 of such crimes being forgiven, and the party being re-
 stored to favour again, would have no small tendency to
 give a sanction that would be inimical to the best in-
 terests of mankind. The crime of infidelity in married
 women, is irreparable, as it respects society: every viola-
 tion of this nature diminishes the general stock of confi-
 dence; confidence of the most sacred nature; for which
 no atonement can possibly be made; the stain of which
 no penitence can wash away. The offender may by time
 and subsequent conduct, prove her repentance to be sin-
 cere; she may be forgiven by her God, and by her hus-
 band; but she can never restore to society the faith she
 has broken: she can never make an adequate substitute
 and therefore ought never to stand again upon the same
 equal ground with women who have never fallen.

A celebrated writer has justly said, that "women form
 " the most sacred bond of society." Marriage, accord-
 ing to the Christian scheme of one man and one woman
 solemnly pledging themselves to each other, being an holy
 institution; from which source flows the purest virtues
 the tenderest relations, and the greatest of human felic-
 ities. The respect in which it is held, and the desire
 partake of its blessings, depend most upon the women
 and in proportion as it is revered or slighted, is the pur-

or depravity of a people. But if the example of such crimes as Mrs. Haller's, and her restoration to her husband's arms, were frequent; if it was once believed that such conduct would easily or ultimately be forgiven, the offence would soon be thought venial, and in a little time no man could be certain he had not a spurious offspring imposed upon him. The fountain head of domestic happiness being polluted, every stream would become infected and impure.

If Crito intends to vindicate the general character of this author's works, he has undertaken a task of no common difficulty. The prejudice which every sensible and virtuous mind feels against KOTZEBUE's productions, is far from being unfounded; as he is pretty well known to be one of that vile band of German conspirators against the peace, the virtue, nay the very existence of civil and religious society. Every species of literary talent was engaged to assist their detestable machinations; the influence of scenic exhibitions they were well acquainted with, and KOTZEBUE being an indefatigable *play-wright*, was too useful an instrument to be neglected. He has been as industrious in perverting his talents as his coadjutors could desire, more so than honest men can look on with patience, much more so than they ought silently to bear. An attentive observer will see that the great aim and deliberate design of all his writings are to sap the foundation of those principles, which, the better to mask his real views, are sometimes plainly acknowledged to be just. He will allow that "the end ought not to justify the means," at the time he is effecting the worst purposes by every means in his power; by inflaming the passions, by flattering meanness, by depreciating greatness, and by bringing down all that is dignified in rank, or elevated in sentiment, to the level of vulgar ignorance. All his vices are taken from the higher walks of civilised life—all his virtues from the lower orders, and from savages; but his supreme delight is to degrade and vilify the *clerical character*, and through that, Christianity itself. The popularity he has acquired, though only of a temporary kind, is a keen satire upon the frivolity of the age, and a degradation to the theatre; but there is some reason to hope that the returning good sense of mankind will send such authors, with their productions, back to their original insignificance, or remember them only as instances of former folly, which time and experience have taught them to be ashamed of, and to despise.

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**FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.**

WOMEN are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which, though enveloped in a separate

covering, accords most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire; with all our desires, which they excite and participate; and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils, still more difficult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the women deserve his admiration; these women who approach him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows; and who make him sensible in every particle of his being, that, although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes these sweet participators of his joys and his sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered; whom he assents to at once, without waiting for the arguments of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But, because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow, that the fair sex are to be born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passions and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government, and the prejudices of men? Here adored as divinities; there esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet under all these different circumstances, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation. And which of our qualities do they not possess? One alone, Anacreon says, has been denied them; and that is prudence. But, as they are every where led themselves, and never, unless by a temporary usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than the men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but, being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance. Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex: some have considered them as equal in every respect to the other sex: while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted,

both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negociations? How many treaties, and unhopèd-for alliances, have they conducted, of which the men received the honor, but the merit of which belonged to the women! How many great actions, and great resolutions, have been accomplished and suggested by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite, to lead on heroes to the brilliant exploits which they themselves were incapable of executing; and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators, by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reasons to believe, that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes oppress us. Such are the generality of women. In this view, how can we chuse, but love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of any occupation, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and presenting us with children who are not committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced an ability equal to ours; and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

(To be continued.)

There has been many attempts to burlesque Boswell's life of JOHNSON, but none in our opinion so successful as this which we now present our readers with. We give it as a very humorous and witty piece of good-natured raillery; not with any desire to depreciate so amusing, interesting and valuable a work.

### LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY;

OR, HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF ONE'S FRIEND.

(An extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by James Bozz, esq. who flourished with him near 50 years.)

We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books: I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*. I said it was a great work. Pozz—"Yes, sir, it is a great work: but, sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons. Pozz—"Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself; I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, sir, and now he makes comparisons: sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together, two figs in adhesion, sir, and then he would laugh." Bozz—"But have not some great writers determined that comparisons are now and then odious?" Pozz—"No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I shewed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches. Pozz—"Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?" Bozz—"Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry." Pozz—"Yes, sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displayed in every branch of literature. I asked him if he approved of green spectacles? Pozz—"As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them; no, sir, I would dissuade him." A few months after, I consult-

ed him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi. p. 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows :

TO JAMES BOZZ, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *tour*. Write to me soon, and write to me often.

I am, dear sir, your's affectionately,

SAM. POZZ.

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day; his wit flashed like lightning; indeed there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz—"Yes, sir, when confined, when pent up." I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it. Pozz—"Yes, sir, the Romans knew it." Bozz—"Livy does not mention it." Pozz—"No, sir, Livy wrote history. Livy was not writing the life of a friend."

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of ours who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand or walk, unless supported: his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said, with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I, "Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me." Pozz—"No, sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly asked why? Pozz—"Sir, you don't know his disorder." Bozz—"Pray what is it?" Pozz—"Sir, the man is *dead drunk*!" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me. Pozz—"Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to

laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of ours who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company. Pozz—"No, sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow; sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and pease; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was indisposed; but I would not talk politics." Bozz—"But perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." Pozz—"Then, sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly enquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered—"Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach. Pozz—"He is right, sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise; sir, it is better than a chariot." Bozz—"Why, sir?" Pozz—"Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. "Dr. Pozz," said I, "*you* ought to keep a coach." Pozz—"Yes, I ought." Bozz—"But you do not, and that has often surprized me." Pozz—"Surprized you! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity." Sir, you ought to be surprized at nothing. A man that has lived half your days, ought to be above all surprize. Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprized. It is mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprized. Now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprized." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." Pozz—"Yes, sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself: Sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear? Pozz—"Yes, sir; and then, sir, nobody can bear them. A man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." Bozz—"But, sir, as the poet says, he is devoid of all care." Pozz—"Yes sir he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he cannot talk; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he cannot see; and yet, sir, there is science in drinking." Bozz—"I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz—"No, sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the

science consists of three parts. Now, sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend \*\*\*\*\* (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now, sir, that is the science of drinking to know when one has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power; and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggars' Opera. I endeavored to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards, a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology; but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits. Pozz—"Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me: Pozz—"There, sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in those shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing cotemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place." Bozz—"I think, sir, that old women in general are used to see ghosts." Pozz—"Yes, sir, and their conversation is full of the subject; I would have an old woman to record such conversations; their loquacity tends to minuteness.

We talked of a person who had a very bad character.—Pozz. "Sir, he is a scoundrel." Bozz. "I hate a scoundrel." Pozz—"There you are wrong; don't hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, sir, are useful. There are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not

chuse to keep company with scoundrels, but something may be got from them."—Bozz. "Are not scoundrels generally fools?"—Pozz. "No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book might be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*, from the earliest account, to the present day." I mentioned hanging; I thought it a very awkward situation.—Pozz. "No, sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, sir, that man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last." I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged.—Pozz. "Yes, sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged: we can recollect that; but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, sir, in a mixed company. No, sir, this is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*."

Our regard for literary property prevents our making a larger extract from the above important work. We have, however, we hope, given such passages as will tend to impress our readers with an high idea of this vast undertaking.

### A SHIP THE SCHOOL FOR SOCIABILITY.

(AN EXTRACT.)

Every one knows, for every one must feel, that the first link that unites man to man is mutual weakness and mutual wants. But how various are the sympathies which spring from this principle of self-preservation and security, when modified by the affections of nature! Perhaps there is not a condition in human life in which one is so soon conducted to a knowledge of that infinite skill with which heaven has formed its rational creation here, for the several purposes of virtue and enjoyment, as in the isolated station of a ship's company, exposed to the same hazards, and impressed with a sense of the reciprocal dependencies resulting from their situation. Removed from relatives and friends, the social compact of comrades and brother sailors, fills up the aching void; companionship ripens into friendship, and mutual confidence keeps alive the generous affections of each.

How often do you see the cheerful glass, drank to the health of the far-remote wife and sweetheart, meet the quivering lip and starting tear! and see the hard, but sympathetic, hand of an honest messmate extended with assumed hilarity, to grasp that of his brother, in this mo-

ment of tender recollection!\* How often do you listen there to the cheering tale of absence being forgotten in the heartfelt joy of hearing again the welcome of those whom they loved! It is not a romance. Such are the men who contemplate the wonders of the deep: and such seamen may be found by thousands in this country.

\* No people are more susceptible of refined emotions than sailors, though they express them in a rough manner: it is as the sun beams playing through the storm. How much it is to be regretted, that the generosity of their nature so often makes them the dupes of the basest swindlers.

#### FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

There are some actors for whom no name is bad enough. I believe we must distinguish such by the appellation of BUTCHERS OF BLANK VERSE; for they *stick their knives* into the skirts of Melpomene.

I remember to have seen one of these gentlemen cutting up, in a most inhuman manner, the part of King Lear. It was the passage where the good old King is greatly incensed against his amiable daughter Cordelia; and the honest Kent interposes as her defender and advocate. This butcher of an actor should have said—

“Peace Kent! come not between a dragon and his wrath;  
For, by the sacred sun and solemn night,  
I here disclaim all my paternal care,  
And, from this minute, tear her from my heart,  
And hold her as an alien to my blood and favour.”

But when he came to the word in the last line, which contains the letters A L I E N and not knowing their meaning, he, instead of saying, he would tear her from his heart, and hold her as an alien to his blood and favour, said, he would *tear* out her heart like a L I O N. This, you will allow, was the most savage of butchery.

The same hero personated the next night, the Duke, in Venice Preserv'd; and where he should have told the Captain, the Conspirators must all go to prison, and there remain until judgment was passed on them, he said, the Conspirators must all *go to goal, and wait until the day of judgment*.

#### ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

“A well-chosen anecdote, frequently reveals a character more happily than an elaborate delineation, as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light.”

D'ISRAELI.

#### EARLY HOURS.

A father chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him as an inducement, that a certain man being up betimes found a purse of gold. “It might be so,” said the son, “but *he that lost it was up before him*.”

A Lord, whom his friends had been obliged to put in a private mad-house, was not mad enough to remain insensible to the charms of the keeper's pretty daughter. His lordship, encouraged in his addresses, agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published, and they left the mad-house in a coach, to have the ceremony performed. When arrived in the church his lordship very properly led the lady to the altar; and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his lordship, “do you take this woman for your wedded wife?” Upon which he exclaimed, “No, no, not so mad as that neither!” Then, taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards.

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when advanced in years, and *vice versa*. “What a *very sensible boy*, Sir, must you have been,” returned the child.

The Count de Grance being wounded in the knee with a musket ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience, at last, he asked them, why they cut and carved so cruelly. “We seek for the ball,” said they. “*Why the d—l did you not speak before?* (said the count) *I have it in my pocket.*”

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank WALTER for his communication, which shall appear in our next.

IBAOM will also claim our early notice.

When the paroxysm of PHILANDER's love-fit is over, perhaps he may *reason*; as he only *rhymes* at present, he must excuse us from publishing what he himself may take no pleasure in seeing, when he recovers.

BRUTUS knows that we have pledged ourselves not to admit political discussions of any kind; but even if we were inclined to abandon the principles on which we set out, BRUTUS is by far too furious and inflammable to be “a safe companion and an *easy* friend.” We recommend to him a thin diet, and frequent phlebotomy.

JACK RATTLE's piece is lively enough, but life and fun, though they may please certain folks in certain places, yet require a little modification before they can be exhibited in our paper; which we endeavour to render worthy to be perused by men of sense, and women of delicacy.

City correspondents are informed that a letter-box is affixed to each door of the printing-office, for the reception of communications; which they are requested to deposit sealed.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONG.

*We are much obliged to SOLUS, for this charming little song. The subject has been frequently, but not better handled, and we shall be always happy to adorn our paper with the effusions of genius and feeling.*

## THE ORPHAN GIRL.

TUNE—ERIN GO BRAH.

Oh! stay gentle stranger and learn my condition,  
I'm a poor orphan girl, and my wants make me bold;  
I crave your assistance, Oh! grant my petition,  
In pity relieve me from hunger and cold.  
With want and pale mis'ry my life seems connected,  
For friendless I wander, despis'd and neglected;  
And oft with contempt are my prayers rejected!  
In compassion relieve me—a poor orphan girl.

Oh! let not the child of affliction and sorrow  
Plead in vain for relief, while from want you're secure;  
Reflect that from heaven your riches you borrow,  
Oh! secure heaven's smiles by relieving the poor.  
My prospects in this world—oh! how dark and dreary,  
Not one friendly hand in the wide world to cheer me;  
And though I am young, yet of life I am weary—  
What pleasure hath life for a poor orphan girl!

Though a child of misfortune, yet few will believe me;  
They feel not my sorrow, they know not my fear;  
Will you gentle stranger then, deign to relieve me,  
And receive in return from an orphan—a tear?  
Oh! my parents! when dying, had you seen their emotion,  
With eyes rais'd to heaven, with fervent devotion;  
They pray'd for their poor child, 'till death ceas'd their  
They died and left friendless, a poor orphan girl. [motion;

Blest shades of my parents! if around me you hover,  
You feel all my sorrows and wants as your own;  
All my grief and affliction will now soon be over,  
And my soul follow your's to that country unknown.  
Adieu! cruel world—with what joy do I leave thee,  
No more hast thou power to pain or to grieve me;  
Hark! my parents are calling, they wait to receive me!!  
She sinks to the cold earth—a poor orphan girl.

SOLUS.

## THE NATIVE HOME.

Whence springs this lov'd remembrance of the land  
Where earliest thought, first shed its orient ray;  
Where first to heaven was rais'd th' imploring hand,  
And hope once bright'ned o'er life's journeying way?

Why should bleak Iceland's son, on India's shore,  
Delight in frost, and wish eternal snows;  
Why sit whole days and listen to the roar  
Of ocean, while his heart with transport glows?

Why, as the darkest cloud of night descends,  
Imagination wandering o'er the main,  
To luring fancy, her assistance lends,  
To paint his lost, tho' still lov'd icy plain?

The rein-deer passing swiftly with his car,  
While furs protect his master from the cold;  
Each lowly cabin-roof descried afar,  
The tenderest sympathies of soul unfold!

Touch'd is the chord that binds the feeling heart,  
Long dormant passions in his breast arise;  
As joy and pain alternate views impart,  
His prospects gladden, but at last he sighs!

So the Arabian who seduc'd to roam,  
O'er grassy plains, bereft of heat and sand;  
With keen remembrance of his early home,  
Turns with delight to seek his native land:

And should his straining eye the camel meet,  
That shar'd his comforts in the desert's track;  
He falls on earth to kiss his hard worn feet,  
Or lifts the burthen from his weary back.

Thus the sad wand'rer who by fate's decree  
Is banish'd far from ev'ry lov'd delight,  
Exclaims, "Oh! grant me yet my home to see,  
"And backward trace the steps that mark'd my flight:"

"For what to me are riches that display  
"Thousands enslav'd, the tools of proud command;  
"Sorrow has had dominion since the day  
"I bade adieu! to thee, my native land!

Nature, all climates blesses with her store;  
Its various bounties too, each season brings;  
But the heart absent from its native shore,  
To first known joys, enthusiastic clings.

Tho' the bird ravish'd from its wild retreat  
In splendid halls and golden bondage sings,  
Yet ah! no note is surely half so sweet  
As that which freely and from nature springs.

'Tis home endears th' uncultivated wild,  
When the long wand'ring heart no more would stray;  
'Tis home can summon back the truant child,  
And bid his heart the well known call obey. x.

## THE BOSOM OF SNOW.

So mild where her accents, so gentle her air,  
Such innocence play'd on the brow of the fair,  
Young Colin was raptur'd; for how should he know  
That danger could lurk in a bosom of snow?

He plac'd himself nearer, the nymph was surpris'd,  
He told her how love by the shepherds was priz'd;  
The keen little archer appear'd with his bow,  
And Colin was press'd to her bosom of snow. x.

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